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[I]

The People of Greece

The Legend

When God was building the earth, he lavished all goods such as water, pasture, forests, and rich soil on the countries of the world. Then suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten Greece. What could he give to this country since he had given all the riches to the others? He started stroking his beard thoughtfully. All at once an idea struck him when he saw the rainbow hanging over his head. Reaching up, he chopped a piece off, stooped and picked up a little soil and many stones, and kneaded the whole thing together in the palm of his hand. Then, opening his palm, he blew the mixture into the sea, and Greece came into being.[1]

In its symbolic meaning, the rainbow of the legend is the Greek people who are as colorful as the sun-drenched rocks on which their nation grew to greatness.

The fact that the Athenian civilization with its poets, philosophers, dramatists, and sculptors had its origin in a city of less than two hundred thousand people on the rocky Attic plain has been a source of wonder to all who know anything of ancient Greece. But today there is also a miracle of Greece at which to wonder. In our twentieth century we see a land of 51,182 square miles supporting eight million people; that is, an area the

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the people's attitudes. One must not venture under trees when there is lightning or go to sleep during the day under a walnut tree with its thick foliage (in Central and Southern Greece) or under a fig tree (farther south). A young woman from the Peloponnesos explained that Christ was sitting under a fig tree when he was taken, thus accounting, in her mind at least, for this taboo. As we shall soon see, the idea of fate, destiny, or necessity is strong today, as it was in classical Greece. Natural phenomena are important in helping one learn what is to come or in helping to ward off some impending evil or difficulty.

Plants to some extent aid in knowing what lies ahead. However, most of the blossoms, fragile and fragrant, appear for such a short period in the spring that they are enjoyed primarily for their beauty. Fruit trees in bloom are looked upon as a glorious miracle of color, and one is urged to go out of the way just to see a particularly beautiful tree, especially an almond tree in January. But there are some plants that are appreciated for more than their beauty.

In many parts of Greece belief in the good luck brought by a four-leafed clover is strong. No bullet can affect it, as shown by the following folk story:

> Once there was a man who had a silver tobacco case on which he had stuck a four-leafed clover. They put it up as a target and shot bullet after bullet but could not hit it. Afterwards they took away the clover and the case was easily pierced.

If a peasant from Northern Greece comes upon a form of the peony known as "The Holy Virgin's Hand" (*Tes Panaglas to cheri*), he may remember that sprigs of it are thrown into the jug from which the water is poured for a woman in travail.[8] The name just as much as the properties of the herb is supposed to relieve the pains of labor. After the birth, the midwife is apt to hang cloves of garlic on the mother and the baby to ward off the Evil Eye. Garlic is so powerful against evil that, when one fears that an envious person will cast a spell upon the animal or baby or any other object of envy, one should say *skortha sta matia sou* (garlic in your eyes).

Anemones, hyacinths, basil, and thyme,[9] as well as the olive tree, the laurel, or the cypress, have stories associated with them which the old people tell to the children. Thus, nature seems intimate since so much of its handiwork carries deep and traditional meaning for the villager.

Animals have an even more special meaning. Both the occasional wild animal and the domestic animals reveal what to expect in the way of catastrophe or changing weather. For example, a man plowing in Central Greece may see a horsefly rest on someone and read into that simple occurrence the coming of a guest. If a person from the island of Spetsai catches a

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821 one of the high schools in Athens. T. K. Papaspyropoulos has written of
[127] his native settlement near Kalavryta in the Peloponnesos.[6] A literal translation has been used in order to retain some of the flavor of the village informants.

The sky. Our mother told us that the sky was a big dome which covers the earth like a lid of a cauldron. This dome has for ornaments the sun, the moon,
[772] and the stars. High up in this dome God has his throne and sits with Christ, the Virgin, with all the saints and the angels. Near the throne of God is Paradise with the souls of the good people and the saints. Hell is down below in the deepest part of the earth, together with the devils and the sinners. May God protect us!

The sun. The sun is the god of the day. He throws light on the earth and warms the people. The sun brings cereals and all the goods which are upon the earth. Without him we would be dead from cold. The sun does not only warm us but tours the whole world and brings greetings to all those who are away
[533] from their home. He also tells us what he sees. We have many songs for the sun, such as those which begin "My sun, three times my sun, and my world-roamer." "The working people watch for him."

[271] Everybody is afraid of the sun. We do not drink water while facing him, neither do we look straight into him because we get blind. In summer time the sun either burns our cereals or our heads. But in winter we beg him to come out and warm us up. We sit there by the sunny spot and he bakes our bodies. We
[533] also sing him a song: "Come on out, my sun. Just come out a little bit so that we can take a walk near the threshing floor." Sometimes it rains heavily and the sun is out at the same time. Then we sing to him: "Sun, sun and rain, when the poor get married. Sun, sun and moon, when the donkeys get married. Sun, sun and drizzle, when the female teacher gets married."

The moon. Just as the day has for a king the sun, the night has the moon as its king. The moon is a more agile king than the sun. It takes a walk on the sky shining and chasing the clouds and makes people come out of their homes.
[512] With the moon the women spin at night; the children play on the threshing floors; the men water their fields; the muleteers can see and go to their work; and the shepherds enjoy the slopes together with their sheep while playing the flute. But the moon can also harm. The biggest harm is done to the thieves because it throws its light and does not allow them to rob for they can be seen. "The thief enjoys darkness and the wolf the upheaval" [distracting disturbance]. When the moon comes out for the first time we say: "Welcome to the new moon. We are happy to see you. Bring us good." Many seek to find money. They get hold of it and say: "As the moon gets full may my purse get full of coins." When the moon disappears those who are in the mountain and see it set say: "May you fare well and return better and achieve better things." "My moon, my shining moon, and beautifully adorned, did you by any chance see Andrew and his ship?" . . .

●[539] *The milky way* (the priest's straw). Do you see those stars that divide the sky into two? We call them the priest's straw. Once upon a time a priest went to stay for a couple of days in a monastery. When he left, because he couldn't

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take anything else with him, he took off his cloak and filled it with straw. As he hurried away in his rush and fright the straw bit by bit fell on the road and became stars. When he got to his house his robe was empty and behind him followed the monks. Since then we call these stars the priest's straw.

Rain. When summer has come to an end and fall is there we pick our grapes and harvest our maize and are waiting for God to send rain so that we can sow our wheat. The first rains start in mid-October. . . . They start either with a slow modest rain or sometimes with a strong one. The strong rain starts abruptly and all hell lets loose. The sky meets with the earth. Lightning, thunder, wind, hell. We all run with our hoes to hold the water back from entering our homes; others run to pull their animals out of ravines so that the water does not carry them away. Others gather the things that have remained outside, and others shelter themselves in their homes and gaze at the storm from their windows. When the weather turns good again it is the joy of God. Then we get ready our agricultural equipment for the field; it is time to sow. Rain is our life. Without it nothing grows; we are lost. But the rain can also do harm. When it rains suddenly the rivers come down with a rush carrying things and destroying our fields. It carries many rocks and stones onto the plain; when it rains and blows, it's hell. It throws down the wheat and it does a lot of damage. A good rain is a slow one. . . .

But nature is more than a collection of stars or plants or animals. It represents the forces against which man must contend as he seeks to wrest his living from the soil; nature brings disasters to which man must adjust even though he does not completely reconcile himself to his misfortune.

One type of catastrophe that visits Greece at frequent intervals is the earthquake, which comes usually in the late spring and summer. Wherever a person travels in Central Greece, Thessaly, or the Peloponnesos, he hears of the damage done by tremors. There is today an Old Corinth and a New Corinth, the latter being built after the old city was destroyed in 1858. New Corinth was once more destroyed in 1928 and rebuilt. In one village people still talk with sadness of a quake which occurred in 1875, killing forty-seven women and children inside the church. One of the most damaging earthquakes of recent memory was the August 1953 series of tremors in the Ionian Islands which destroyed so much of Cephalonia, Zante, and Ithaca. In April and May of 1954, more than thirty persons were killed in the quakes of Thessaly, three hundred injured, and thirty-two thousand made homeless.

Nature shows its unkindness in other ways. Sudden hailstorms, drought, and insect pests take their annual toll in many parts of Greece. While on a trip with the inspector of agriculture from Larissa, Thessaly, through some fields recently damaged by a storm, I asked him what the peasants thought of such a devastating rain. He said that they did not feel any enmity against the elements but do say in all seriousness to them "na se pare ho diavolos!" (may the devil take you!)

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Peloponnesos. Many villages[1] are snowbound for two, three, or even four months. The government has learned the necessity of helping these people stockpile their basic stores of food well in advance of the cold weather to avoid starvation or at least the malnutrition which would otherwise occur in these isolated villages.

Even around Athens, so very near the sea, the mountains take on an Alpine effect. On a January day in 1953, when early jonquils were blooming in the gardens around the villas, a thirty-minute drive took us to the top of Mount Parnes where people were skiing in two feet of snow, which lasted from three to four weeks.

In addition to the climatic role they play, the mountains become places of refuge when invaders overrun the country. Here the revolutionaries against the Turk began to flex their muscles prior to the beginning of the revolution in 1821. The dwellers of the cities and the monks in the monasteries may have kept Greek culture, in the sense of civilization, alive, but the villagers kept the spirit of independence alive. Over and over again those who really know Greece would say, "you have not seen our country until you leave the main highways and go up into the mountains to talk with the hardy peasants there." This tradition of the mountains is a conditioning influence in Greek thought and life along with the tradition of the sea.

What, one wonders, do the peasants think of the rough terrain about them? Do they personify any of the peaks or make their summits the dwelling place of gods, as did the Greeks of old? The old Greek pantheon, it seems, has been liquidated by the Christian God and the collection of saints revered by the Eastern Orthodox Church. "Thou hast conquered, Galilean," Swinburne's classic pagan wept. One does find on most peaks a monastery to St. Elijah, a whitewashed building reflecting the slanting sun in early morning or late afternoon. Students of these matters seem to agree that Elijah (Elias), who disappeared in a chariot of flame, may have superseded Helios and his fiery steeds.[14] The top of the mountain from ancient times has been the place to worship the sun.

Particular mountains, however, do have their own local traditions. One of the peaks of Panaitolikon in Central Greece is called the Mountain of the Old Woman, as the following legend explains.

> Once upon a time an old woman had finished pasturing her sheep below for the winter and had moved them up into the mountains for summer grazing. The month of March was almost ended, so the woman said: "March, you can go away; I don't need you any more for I have had a good winter below and will have a good summer here." But March in its anger borrowed one day from February, giving him thirty-one days. On that day there was a heavy storm. The old woman froze and turned into marble and there she now stands. That's why they call those heights the Mountain of the Old Woman.

[1] [Throughout the Pindus area and the higher parts of the Peloponnesos - ANALYST]

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and strangely moved. Not only the majestic view affected her but the knowledge that this same sea had carried off to America many relatives, only a few of whom had returned. To her the actual sight of the sea meant a new horizon; it gave her peasant world a new dimension.

For the islanders the biggest celebration of the year is Epiphany (January 6) when all of the families go down to the sea to participate in "the blessing of the water." The cross is thrown into the sea and boys dive for it, the lucky one obtaining it receiving a gift of money and considering himself fortunate for the coming year. This ceremony represents the baptism of Christ, but its performance — the contact of the cross with the water — supposedly gives the water dipped up at the ceremony a special efficacy in healing sickness. It is treasured holy water. Ethnologists tell us that this blessing of the sea dates from pre-Christian times, another indication of the hold of the sea on these island dwellers. It is still an island habit, when there are big storms at sea, to sweep the church and throw the sweepings into the sea to calm it; or the people may take oil from the lamp in the church and spread it on the water, begging the sea to quiet down.

The sea, like the mountains, has its own folklore. One of the most persistent beliefs among seamen is the presence in the deep of the sister of Alexander the Great, the Gorgon, often called the spirit of the sea.[17] This legend is beautifully told by Elias Venezis, one of Greece's outstanding writers, in his novel *Aeolia*:

> Once upon a time in the land of Greece there lived a young king, Alexander the Great. He had a sister called Gorgona. Alexander the Great traveled to distant lands, crossing many mountains and seas, and when he returned he brought back with him the water of immortality. He would have drunk it when his hour of death came, and he would never have died. He would have conquered all the strongholds of the world, and would have reigned forever. But he was not quick enough. His sister saw the water of immortality and, without knowing what it was, drank it. Then Alexander the Great was filled with rage and seized her by the hair and threw her into the sea. Ever since then the Gorgon lives in the sea. Her eyes are very round and she has snakes in her hair. Her arms are of bronze and there are golden wings on her shoulders. From her waist down she is a fish, and she is queen of all the other fish in the sea. She keeps alive the memory of the great king her brother who died when he was young and she always asks seafaring men she meets on her journeys:
>
> "Is Alexander the Great still alive?"
>
> "He is alive, and he reigns," they answer her.
>
> When she hears this, the Gorgon is filled with joy and orders the waves to let the caique pass. But if any seaman does not know this, and tells her that the king is dead, then he has nothing to hope for. The Gorgon raises a typhoon and seizes him and his caique and its crew and drags them down with her. Then she rises high onto the waves again to find another sailor who can reassure her that her brother is living, and that Alexander the Great has never died. . . .[18]

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One often hears the expression, "he is alive, and he reigns," in Greece today, for it has become a household adage. When a person is asked how someone is getting along, he may reply, "he is alive, and he reigns."

On the little islands of Greece, on many wild promontories of the mainland, stand the small white churches dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the seafaring man. He replaced Poseidon, king of the sea, an important personage in the pagan pantheon, and most of these churches are built as the result of some vow made by the sailors faced with shipwreck who turned for help to the little icon of the saint in the stern or on the mast of the ship. These sailors curse the sea, speaking of it as "that old scoundrel," but they are tied to it with many bonds other than the economic. They tell the story of their patron saint, who found for himself the hold the sea has upon the Greek people. Nicholas suffered so many misfortunes from the sea that he decided to put it behind him forever. He picked up an oar and started walking. Every now and then he would stop someone and ask, "Do you know, stranger, what this is that I am carrying?" He moved higher and higher up into the mountains until he finally found a village where no one could identify what he was carrying and there at last he felt he could settle down, safe from the all-encircling sea.

Thus, it is not at all out of character for the seafarers, like their patron saint, to become thoroughly disgusted with the sea. They will imprecate her and, referring to her in the feminine gender, will imply that there is treachery afoot. They are also aware of her charm and, unlike the monk-like St. Nicholas, find they cannot live apart from her.

The Greek, whether seafarer or peasant, has come to grips with his stern physical environment, and this tough set of mind is just as important to his survival as the resources which he must utilize in his daily life. The tradition of the mountains led to the preservation of an independent villager, proud in his poverty, passionately devoted to his local area, and a worthy perpetuator of the folk legacy of ancient Greece. The tradition of the sea led the seafarer outwards and developed a type of Greek quite different from the mountaineer. The seafarer's commerce supplemented the self-subsistence of the peasant, but both joined together to create the political unit that is Greece today.

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for the brother is supposed either to avenge any violator of his sister's honor or, if she is to blame, to punish her. Whereas formerly he was supposed to act swiftly, today he tries to get the man to marry his sister; if the man does not, then the brother, "if he wants to rinse the honor of the family," beats or kills the man. He may kill his sister if she is thought responsible. Nowadays matters seldom come to such an extreme point, but the tradition of protection is still very strong. The folksongs reinforce it, as shown by these summaries of two from the island of Euboea.[1]

The Betrayal

A bad young girl dressed herself in European clothes, got her lover and went to the coffeehouse. She ordered the proprietor to bring coffee and the hubble-bubble (narghile, or pipe whose smoke passes through water). Two friends of her brother betrayed her. They said to the brother: "Why do you sit there, Vangeles, and do not go to the coffeehouse to see your sister who 'drinks' the hubble-bubble?"

Vangeles got up and went to the coffeehouse and found the bad sister who was "drinking" the narghile. "Get up, Eurydice, to see your shame. You, who have put me and all our family to shame."

He thrust his knife in her twice in the right side, striking the liver and half of the heart. Two words the poor thing was able to say before she dropped and was dead: "The friends of my brother were my death because I had the courage to have a boy friend." The friends of the brother took her up, carried her home, and handed her over to her mother.

Soussa

Soussa, the willowy, the pride of Kyme, loved Saribeys, the handsomest boy of the village. He loved her and she loved him for fifteen years. She had a brother who was away with the consuls; every morning she would sit on her bed, take her little handkerchief and fill it with tears. Her master [lover] asks her, "What is wrong with our Soussaki? Why does she sit and cry?" and her mother tells her, "Hush, my Soussa, don't cry and don't torment yourself. For your sake your brother is roaming in foreign countries."

At night, at midnight, they heard bang after bang on the door. Her mother shouted to her and her master told her, "Get up, my Soussa, open and see who is outside." Soussa got up, opened, and saw her brother. Immediately she thought and she became faint [her eyesight became shorter]. Her brother said, "You turned the house into a brothel. I cannot stand it." He pulled his little knife out of the golden sheath, thrust it in her heart like a worthy *pallekari* [handsome young man, brave fighter for freedom].

"Soussa, mine, who killed you? May he be cursed. May he wear my curse forever as an amulet."

There are conflicting stories about what actually occurs in villages throughout Greece. From the Peloponnesos I received the reply: "In our village there is very strict control between unmarried boys and girls. Not

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second marriage is set for a Saturday evening. (This custom brings to mind a common Greek proverb: "Everything was wrong, and even the wedding was on Monday.")

On the Wednesday before the date of the marriage, both homes "start the leaven." In the evening the relatives of each home are present at the baking done from freshly milled flour and "untouched water." The kneading trough is placed in the middle of the room, and over this a girl and a boy hold a sieve through which the flour is sifted. Everybody is silent until, all at once, people start throwing coins into the sieve saying "Kalorizika" (Good luck). Three shots are fired to announce to the village that this has been done. The baking starts when enough flour has been sifted. Some of the people take dough which they smear onto the bride's or groom's face. After a late dinner, toward midnight, the people in the groom's home suggest going to the bride's home. When the two parties meet, there is dancing and singing and the firing of pistols. Later on, the groom's party goes back to his home to continue celebrations until daybreak.

On Friday the display of the dowry starts. Women from all over the village come in to look at it and bring with them basil, rice, and cotton "just for good luck." When the women have seen the dowry, the "filling of the sacks" starts after the mother has put a copper container into a large homespun sack. While the bride stows away her household equipment and her own clothes into these sacks, those present throw in coins. Once the sacks have been filled, the mattresses, covers, and cushions are placed in piles and the friends sprinkle everything with rice and pin sweet-smelling herbs in between the clothes. Then the women, and especially the young girls, start dancing in the bride's courtyard. On the same day the groom sends two boys around the village, one of whom carries a jug full of wine and the other a written invitation for relatives and friends to a dinner on the wedding day. The bride's father does the same. From Friday on, the special dishes are prepared: loaves of bread with symbolic patterns across the top, pies, meat, and wine. If a person is in mourning and is invited to the wedding dinner, he is obliged to take some food on Saturday evening.

On Saturday morning the bride calls the young girls "to help her get married." Some of her friends take Turkish delight, bonbons, and other sweets and go with these offerings to invite the rest of the young girls to the wedding.

On Sunday after the regular morning church service, people begin to gather in the homes of the bride and the groom. The girls go to the bride's home to form an honorary escort and dance in her yard, while the boys dance in the groom's yard. During this time, while the bride is getting dressed, a party goes from the groom's home to fetch the sponsor (koumbaros) who either rides or goes on foot to the groom's home. There a white flag, adorned with apples and sweet herbs, is hoisted. The koumbaros is always the groom's godfather or one of his sons if the godfather has died. If for some reason the godfather cannot be present, he gives his blessing and permits the groom to choose another "best man" or sponsor. When the koumbaros has arrived at the groom's home, the procession is ready to start for the bride's home.

First comes a young man carrying the flag, followed by the priest and the

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[Potato-digging near Thebes]

244 476 [462] directing his four helpers in sorting and sacking them. We were much less interested in what happened to the potatoes than in the means whereby forty people were gathered together at one time to help with the task at hand. We asked Yannes a number of questions:

"What do you call this kind of group?"

"We speak of it as *daneike ergassia* [borrowed work]. I received word that the commission merchant from Thebes would buy my potatoes if I had them ready by tonight. I have about an acre which I had not yet harvested, but this was too much to handle with just my immediate family. So I had to get others to help me. Last night my wife went around to the women and said, 'Tomorrow I'm going to pull potatoes. Will you come and help me?' I asked some of my relatives who live near me and a few close friends."

"What do you have to pay these people?"

"Usually we repay the others by working for them when they need help. One of us — my wife, daughter, or myself — will go help them with their potatoes when they have to harvest them. We keep a pretty good record of what we owe to others and what they owe to us. Five or six of the men [465] working here do not have any potato fields so I agreed to pay them wages. They are particularly good at helping the commission merchant sort and sack the potatoes."

244 466 476 Such a crowd gathered around us while we asked these questions that we saw we were interrupting proceedings. So we strolled around to see how the men did the digging and learned that they worked under the close supervision of the owner. This fact reminded me of the Greek proverb, "The owner's eye is manure to the field." In fact, as the men dug, they moved in [123] a long row across the field with the result that any laggard would soon be [539] noticeably behind the rest. The villagers joked a great deal as we took pictures and asked about the length of the work day. The workers had come [126] to the field about eight in the morning and would remain until the job was done, with the "estimated time of departure" set by the owner at about four or five o'clock.

[262] [785] The highlight of a day spent in such a work group is the food that is served to the workers about ten o'clock. Since the people were supposedly observing the Lenten fast, Yannes served a bean stew, candylike halvas, olives, fish, and wine. If they had not been fasting, they might have had cheese and eggs. Yannes insisted that they would only on rare occasions serve meat since they do not even eat that at home more than twice a month. But the workers, when asked about the food, said that it had been good and plentiful. "In fact," one man volunteered, "when Yannes invites us, we all say that we'll eat well today." Further inquiry showed that nobody ever turned down an invitation to a work group simply because he expected the food to be poor, but he would do so on other grounds, such as

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244 476 578 issuing invitations usually avoid other women with whom they have had a recent quarrel, although they do not hesitate to invite two women on good terms with the hostess but not on good terms with each other. These women can usually stay far enough apart in such a large group that they do not have to associate with each other or air their differences. Men are said to be less inclined to let previous disagreements affect their invitations, even inviting those with whom they may have sharp differences. Their main concern is to get the job done. Just the same, they rely chiefly upon relatives and neighbors. The women in Yannes' living room all agreed that there was no one in the village who had the reputation for not paying back the work that others had contributed, which shows the seriousness with which this obligation is assumed and discharged.

124 But no interview in a Greek village is a one-sided affair. The visitor has to answer questions if he has asked them. Never have I heard questions fly quicker and faster than on this visit to Neochori when the women sensed that I had finished my inquiry about potato diggers. My interpreter was quizzed about her life in Athens, where she got her clothes, how she had learned to drive a car, and about members of her family. I was asked about my income in America, what kind of kitchen my wife had, and about many details which she could have answered much better than I if she had been able to accompany us up from Athens on that particular afternoon. This [181] occasion showed that when the Greek villagers began to express themselves on their home ground, in a familiar setting, they stood out as inquisitive, interesting personalities who shared many of the same concerns as fellow human beings in other countries despite their noticeable differences of dress, speech, and other cultural manifestations.

000 In driving back to Athens we had to pass the same potato field which had been the cause of this excursion. I thought at the time that a study, at a later date, of changes in the mutual-aid groups would tell much about changes in Greek life in general. Will mechanization eliminate the necessity of group harvesting? Will economic considerations so rule a later day that Yannes will invite only efficient workers from throughout the village, or will he continue to use relatives and neighbors because of his close social bonds with them?

Traditional Patterns of Mutual Aid

476 539 Throughout rural Greece one finds many examples of mutual aid. Even proverbs attest to the value of cooperation: "bean by bean the bag is filled"; "many streams make up the river"; "many stones knock down the walnut." Union in strength is stressed as well: "where there are many, God's blessing"; "where there are many, many riches"; "the many are the ones who will take Constantinople."

It is understood, too, that each party will live up to his end of the bar-

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gain, for the proverbs say: "agreement is law"; "one ties the oxen by the horns, the man by his word." But the rugged individualists can also quote proverbs to show the dangers of depending upon others: "better a threshing floor small but your own"; "the donkey owned in common is eaten by the dogs"; "the wolf has a thick neck because he has to work alone." 476 539

Perhaps the simplest form of mutual aid is found in the case of two farmers, each of whom possesses but a single animal. They take turns using both animals to pull a plow or to do some other task where a team is needed. These partners are often called *smichtes* or *sebroi*. The Yannes described in an earlier chapter, who was disconsolately waiting for his partner to finish with his horse so that he could take the team to his own fields, was engaged in this kind of mutual aid. In Epirus, for instance, those with a single animal are called *monovodoi* (or single-oxen farmers), and each tries to join up with someone else in order to have a team available when needed. Similarly, someone with a donkey or two lends his animals to another farmer who needs to haul his cereal or hay from the fields or to market, in the expectation that he will have the use of the borrower's animals when in similar need. 476 492

Somewhat more complex in detail but similar in type are the arrangements that shepherds make concerning the care of their flocks and the distribution of the produce, which was mentioned earlier in the description of the changing life of the shepherd. 476 233

Mutual aid also extends to the exchange of agricultural labor, as in the case of the potato diggers. It can also occur between two families who throughout the work season combine their labor resources, culminating in tremendous output at harvest time. Or labor can be repaid by some other kind of service, as was the case in Malakassa (Attica), where the president of the commune went to the coffeehouse and said that he needed some help in harvesting a crop. Sixteen men from the coffeehouse went along to aid. When we asked the coffeehouse proprietor what these men would receive in return we were told, "The president has a cart and will help each of these men haul in stuff from their fields when they need him." 476 241 [493]

But there are times when much help is needed for some special event which does not recur frequently in the life of an individual family. Here the traditional "working bee" is assembled. For example, a family decides to plant a new vineyard or to put up some kind of a building. It calls upon its neighbors and relatives for help, feeds them well, and eventually pays back the labor provided when called upon by those who contributed. We found mutual-aid groups also busy making cheese for their own use and for sale or digging clay which they worked into home-made brick. 476 [339]

Women, however, seem to be more fully involved in a wide variety of mutual-aid arrangements. They may help each other with certain household chores — carding wool, baking bread, carrying fuel (*pournari* [573]

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

the cities in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. Under the circumstances in Greece today, nothing could seem more natural to the local people than to have the church, in the person of a gifted bishop, work out arrangements to meet their pressing welfare needs. How such a complicated network of institutions would be kept going should the energetic bishop not be around was a matter that gave one pause; but one must live in the present when human lives are at stake, and that is what the bishop was doing. He was following a well-established practice in making the church the channel for helping others.

The kind of help called *psychiko* is done for the soul, for the forgiveness of the souls of one's dead loved ones; it is customarily given in the form of helping the poor members of the community — the sick, the widows, and the orphans — out of purely Christian feeling. When some family is suffering misfortune in a village, the priest announces the fact in church and invites those who can help to do so. This is a form of aid in which those helping are not usually repaid, which makes it differ from the kinds of mutual aid discussed in an earlier chapter. In Koroni, in the western Peloponnesos, for instance, if a widow needs a crop harvested or threshed, grapes picked, or some field work done, the priest will announce that on such and such a day this widow has *xelassi*, as this arrangement is called, and those who wish can go to help. She feeds them, but they derive a spiritual rather than a material benefit from the work they contribute.

Or in Epirus, some important member of the community, not the priest, may send out the town crier or field guard to call from some height: "Listen, village, tomorrow we will carry from the mountain some wood for the home of Kyra Tassena, the widow of Tasso. All those who have mules must send them and those who haven't got any must come to help. Nobody must be missing." [15] He will then close with the proverb, *tona cheiri nivi talo kai ta dio to prosopo* (the one hand washes the other, and both of them the face).

Sundays and holidays, days on which peasants are not supposed to work in their own fields, are quite suitable for psychiko, or work done for the good of one's soul. D. A. Petropoulos, on whose article much of this discussion of psychiko is based, maintains that what characteristically distinguishes Christian philanthropy from ancient Greek philanthropy is that the first connects religion with the salvation of the soul, while in the ancient days help was given out of a purely logical understanding in order to have a normal social and communal system.[16]

The transition from this method of dealing with human need to the professional approach of contemporary social work is quite a leap. What progress is being made in training social workers in Greece is through the Young Women's Christian Association (but this again is a semireligious attachment), or through the Queen's Fund, providing scholarships at Pierce College.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

THE WATERS OF MARAH

178 795 576 Embrace one another, and join mutually the side of the Mouth or Cheek to the other . . . and since the Resurrection of Christ is the Miracle of Miracles, and the main Pillar of our Christian Faith and Hope, I am much perswaded that this might be the very manner and way of giving the Holy Kiss amongst the Primitive Christians."

178 795 788 [771] Nor is all this a matter of mere outward forms. Through all the vicissitudes of her history the Greek Church has been enabled to preserve something of the very spirit of the first age of Christianity. Her liturgy still enshrines that element of sheer joy in the resurrection of the Lord that we find in so many of the early Christian writings. The spirit of the ancient fathers of the Church lives on in the liturgy and in the piety of the ordinary Greek Christian. To enter into the spirit of the eastern liturgies is to comprehend as is possible in no other way the characteristic notes of Orthodox spirituality.

This is true above all of the liturgy of Holy Week and Eastertide; here one is perhaps most acutely conscious of the revolution that has been wrought in post-mediaeval western piety. It is a far cry from the Byzantine liturgy of the holy passion to that preoccupation with the sufferings of Christ with which we are familiar. Even in the darkness of the holy and great Friday the note of joy is sounded; the narrative of the passion is interspersed with the divine praises: it is the record of the triumph of the King, and Christ the Victor reigns in royal purple from His throne on Calvary.

[539]

To-day is hanged upon the Tree
He who hanged the earth free in the midst of the waters.
A crown of thorns crowns Him who is King of the angels.
He who wraps the heavens in clouds
is wrapt about with the purple of mockery;
He who freed Adam in Jordan
is smote with hands;
He who is the Bridegroom of the Church
is transfixed with nails;
He who is the Son of the Virgin
is pierced with a spear.
We worship Thy Passion, O Christ;
Show us also Thy glorious Resurrection!

[771] It is because her life is rooted so completely in the liturgy that the